To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war,
King. Say that the king which may commaund intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainly told.
King. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King. Harpe on it ſtill ſhal I, till hartſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonourd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightlie vertue:
The crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude.
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King. Now by the world,
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My

King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſho
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſu
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of al
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an
The vnitie the king my brother
Had not bene broken, nor my br
If thou hadſt feard to breake an
The emperiall mettall circling
Had graſt the tender temples of
And both the Princes had bene
Which now, two tender play-fe
Thy broken faith, hath made a
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd
For I my ſelfe, haue many teares
Hereafter time, for time, by the
The children liue, whoſe parent
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in
The parents liue, whoſe children
Old withered plants, to waile it
Sweare not by time to come, for
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſu
King. As I intend to proſper
So thriue I in my dangerous att
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſe
Day yeeld me not thy light, no
Be oppoſite, all planets of good
To my proceedings, if with pur
Immaculatd deuocion, holy tho
I tender not thy beauteous prin
In her conſiſts my happineſſe a
Without, her followes to this lan
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a C
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decai
It cannot be auoyded but by thi

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